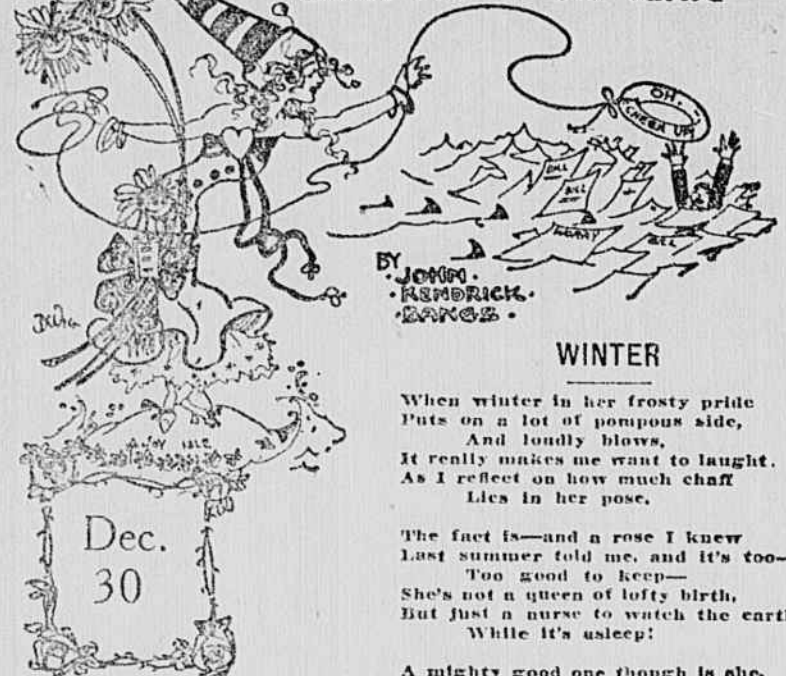


# Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

## A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR



### WINTER

When winter in her frosty pride  
Puts on a lot of pompous side,  
And loudly blows,  
It really makes me want to laugh.  
As I reflect on how much chaff  
Lies in her pose.

The fact is—and a rose I knew  
Last summer told me, and it's too—  
Too good to keep—  
She's not a queen of love's birth,  
But just a nurse to watch the earth  
While it's asleep!

A mighty good one though is she,  
And does her duty faithfully,  
Despite her cap,  
Were earth to lose her snowy driffts  
We'd sadly miss the floral gifts  
Of smiling May!

### KITCHEN KINKS

#### How to Keep the Richness in the Pudding.

When boiling a pudding, place a piece of buttered paper between the pudding and the cloth. This will prevent the goodness boiling out of the pudding, and save labor when washing the cloth.

When cooking greens a small piece of butter added to the water will stop them from boiling over, and also prevent any offensive smell from passing into the room.

Boil the corks before bottling pickles, etc. While hot they can be pressed into the bottles, and when cold they seal them tightly.

When cleaning knives damp them before rubbing on the board, as they produce a better polish and clean much quicker.

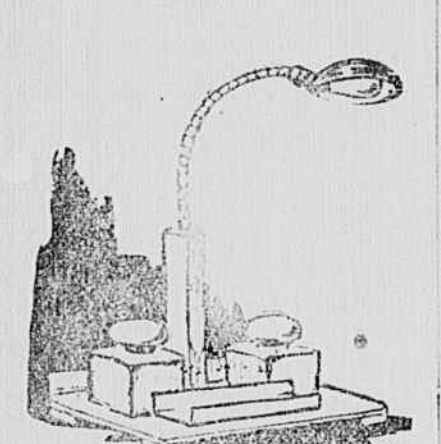
When Winding Worsted.

When winding a skein of wool I always start winding on the tag which comes attached to each skein; thus when the ball is used up I have the tag giving the maker's name, quality, etc., and have no difficulty in finding out where and how to match the wool if more is required.

#### How to Blow Out a Candle.

When blowing out a candle, blow upwards instead of over the light, and the candle will not gutter, but will burn evenly the next time.

### FOR THE DESK.



This writing set in dull green has a convenient electric light attachment, with flexible tube.

There is no good reason for discarding your last season's evening gowns and wraps. They can be remodeled with small expenditure of time and money.

Old young girls are wearing with simple frocks of velvet or serge, girdles of wide silk braid in striped design. Long tassels of silk are attached to the end.

All the newest gowns give the corsetless effect.

## New Indian Animal Stories

Why the Deer Does Not Wander.

By John M. Oakison.

Long time ago, as the old men of the Indian tribes used to tell it, there were no deer at all. At least, there were none among the people who called themselves the A-wa-tam (the good people of the plains).

Plenty of other animals had been created by Tawer-ta-Mukhi (the Great Doctor Who Gave Life) and by his assistant, Ee-ec-toy, but these were all fond of wandering about over the face of the earth, which the Great Muzzard (No-ec) had struck with his wings while it was yet soft, and made into ridges and valleys. So pleasant were the valleys and so high the ridges that the animals were always going across the ridges to find another valley.

Now, the people could not live without the animals, and so they had to keep on moving with the animals. Old men and old women and young babies—all had to go and go, over the mountains and through the valleys, never having time to stop and plant corn and beans, which they liked to eat.

And when the people began to complain about having to go so far, Ee-ec-toy heard. He called a council of the animals, and said that he would make over one of the animals into one that was big and that would care to stay year after year among the hills and valleys the people loved best.

In this council there was much talk, and many of the animals studied about what the new animal ought to look like. Finally the gray wood-rat of the desert spoke up and said that he thought if Ee-ec-toy would only make his skin larger and give him a pair of horns to rub against the trees, he

would be willing to stay in one place and be friendly with the people. All of the animals thought that would be the best thing to do, and so Ee-ec-toy took his sharp knife and began to slit the skin of the wood-rat. But the wood-rat didn't have as much courage as he thought, and when the knife began to cut through the skin, he cried. At the next cut, he cried still harder and begged Ee-ec-toy to stop. So the wood-rat was allowed to go, but to this day you can see the marks of the knife on his chest and neck.

Then another, a very small mouse which ran among the cactus, said to Ee-ec-toy that he would become the deer—and, sure enough, this one had courage enough to stand the cutting. At the end, the little mouse was given a tiny pair of horns, and then Ee-ec-toy said to him:

"You must stay here among these hills and valleys, and eat the rich, long grass and the tender leaves all day long. You will grow larger and larger, your horns will spread, and your feet will get hard so that you can run over the rocks. You will be the special friend of the people, and you will help them to live while they stop down beside the river and plant the crops they like to eat."

And so, say the old men of the A-wa-tam people, was created the deer—and ever since that time the deer has stuck to hills and the valleys it loves. They know just where to go when they want to find a deer for meat or to make moccasins from its skin, or bow-horns from the sinews of its speedy legs.

### THE BEST WAY

#### To Do Some Very Necessary Things About the Home.

The way to make linen easier to write on when marking it is to dip the piece to be marked in cold starch and let it dry. Then the pen will write without scratching.

To cure the soreness at the sides of the nose caused by wearing eyeglasses, take some methylated spirit and dab on the affected parts once or twice a day, and then dust the spots over with borie acid powder or starch. This hardens the skin and keeps it from getting sore.

To repair the damage done a cake burnt on the outside through careless baking, scrape the black parts very carefully and brush them over with beaten white of an egg. Then dust with castor sugar and put the cake back into the oven for five minutes, when all signs of burn will have disappeared.

To keep sponges in good condition do not allow them to lie in soap water; the soap should be rinsed out of them at once after use. Whenever possible sponges should be hung up to air, and not left lying in a damp condition.

To clarify fat which has become too dark for use, place it in an enameled saucepan, with water and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; boil for 20 to 25 minutes and leave till cold. Then drain off water and remove pieces from underneath. The fat will be found quite fresh and white again.

To decrease your gas bill get a square sheet of iron, light one burner

### "TOUR LE POUDRE."



Containing powder and chamomile, this tiny bag of white and green snuggles into the evening bag with fan and handkerchief.

of the stove and place the sheet iron on top. The heat travels through the iron so quickly that several saucepans can cook their contents at the same time with only one burner going.

### JUST TO PREVENT

Mould forming on top of the liquid in which pickles are kept, put in a few pieces of horseradish root.

Films forming on starch the usual way, add to it a half a teaspoonful of salt, and then cover it with a thick cloth to prevent the steam escaping. The yolk of an egg mingling with the white when the former has become broken (in separating the whites from the yolks) and falls into the white, dip a clean cloth in warm water, wring it dry and touch the yolk with a corner of it, and the yolk will adhere to the cloth and may easily be removed.

### Cleaning a Flower Vase.

Flower vases with long necks can be cleaned by filling them with hot water and small pieces of newspaper. Shake vigorously and you will find that the paper will remove all the dust and sediment from the inside.

The light desserts are the plain and stewed fruits, gelatines and junks. Paste the owners initials over each towel used on a large family towel rack.

Wet the kitchen stove while cold with a cloth dipped in kerosene oil; then apply the blacking. The stove will keep clean much longer.



### THREE NEW CONCEITS IN FUR

That on the left is one of the popular combinations of light and dark furs—fitch and seal. The second model shows the bow effect in leopard's skin. The third shows a novel use of ermine. A piece of the white fur is slipped through a circle of black velvet.

### FASHIONS AND FADS

Green is a modish color for street costumes. Black and white is becoming popular again.

In jewelry, the square-cut stones reign supreme. The new tango shade is naturnum in color.

The stout woman should know that yellow increases her natural size.

### TWO COLORS.



A smart black velvet shape, trimmed in citron taffeta.

Satin also makes her look bigger. Blue is a slightly enlarging tone; white is a stationary color. Black, seal brown, navy blue and the deepest of crimsons are all tones that decrease the size. Wraps are often worn throughout the evening at the play. The wonderful fur-trimmed brocades hanging off the shoulders are a charming background for the delicately charming gowns.

You are permitted to wear a sleeve to the knuckles, if you desire, in your ball gown, and if you have a good arm, you can fasten the upper points of your bodice over the shoulder with a small jewel.

This winter, as before, all furs are fashionable.



### WIRED TUNIC

of white satin over a flowered crepe underskirt. The full trimming adds much to the smartness of this frock.

## MENU

Breakfast. Oatmeal. Stewed Prunes. Buttered Toast. Frizzled Beef. Coffee. Lunch. Veal Chop. Baked Beans With Tomato Sauce. Cake. Dinner. Roast Beef. Cream Potato Soup. Hashed Browned Potatoes. Peas. Spinach with Eggs. Bread Pudding. Coffee.

### FROM LONDON.

Butter and cut into small cubes several crusts of stale bread—day-old bread will answer, place in a bake dish and pour over it the following custard mixture: Beat two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and add gradually while stirring, a pint of new milk; flavor with vanilla or spice, if desired, and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot or cold.

### THE CHEMISTRY OF CLEANING CLOTHES

We all now need so many articles of wearing apparel that the problem of keeping them clean has grown to be a serious one. Indeed, to those who find it expedient to do some of their own cleaning rather than send all to a professional cleaner. Grease is the most common of all spots.

### Just Three Ways.

It may be removed in either of three ways—by absorption, emulsion or by the use of soap and hot water. The soap and hot water process may be applied to all small articles that can be laundered in the usual manner, and should need but little trouble.

Large articles and such fabrics as cannot be laundered may be treated by absorption. Fresh grease spots may be often entirely removed by a melting process alone. Place pieces of white blotting paper over and under the spot and press with a warm iron.

If the fabric is such that the heat will affect the color, cold absorption, with French chalk as the absorbent, can be used. Pulverize the chalk, cover the spot thickly with it, and allow it to stand for several hours. Then brush off with a soft brush. If necessary apply it a second time. This chalk may also be applied by mixing it to a paste with benzine, applying it in that form, and brushing it when thoroughly dry.

### Spots of Long Standing.

In cases of large grease spots of long standing it is best to use a solvent of grease, such as alcohol, chloroform, ether, benzene or naphtha. Benzene and naphtha are the best for woollens, while ether and chloroform are best for silk, and may be used in the most delicate fabrics. A thick piece of sateen is a good article with which to apply these solvents, as it does not become lumpy.

### HOUSEHOLD NOTES

A tongue for boiling is best fresh from the pickle.

A dessert to be successful must be attractive to the eye.

Never have potatoes, rice and hominy at the same meal.

Frozen rice pudding is a delicious and nourishing winter dessert.

Pearl tapioca makes a delicate and excellent thickening for soups.

Beans and peas are too much alike to be used at the same meal.

The light dessert should always follow a heavy dinner, and vice versa.

Don't use sooty pans and Kettles in cooking; they take longer to heat. Apple sauce should always be eaten to counterbalance sausage and pork.

### THE

## HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Charles Wrangell is found dead in a roadhouse. His widow, accidentally meeting the girl, Hetty Castleton, who had accompanied him to the night before, offers her a home. The two women return from a long trip, and Leslie Wrangell, the dead man's brother, fairly separately in love with her and proposes to her, but is rejected with horror. Smith, a detective, suspects Mrs. Wrangell of having committed the murder, but offers to drop the trail for a price. Mrs. Wrangell, the sister, disconcerts the sleuth and tried to "give her a chance." Brandon Booth, a friend of Leslie's, who is in love with the girl, who returns his love but refuses to marry him, telling him that some day he will understand why. She confesses that she has known for a long time—that she once posed as Hetty's girl, an actress, another artist. She convinces Mrs. Wrangell, innocent, Leslie again, urges his suit and Mrs. Wrangell insists that the girl accept him. Upon her refusal, she comes to her apartment, the girl going to England, whither both immediately follow her. She tells him that only Mrs. Wrangell has the right to tell him her secret, and she departs for America to learn it. In Lucerne she meets her father, Colonel Castleton, and the girl, who tells her that it is rumored that Booth and Mrs. Wrangell are to be married. Meanwhile, after weeks of effort, Booth has persuaded Mrs. Wrangell to tell the girl's story—that Hetty Castleton was the girl who was married there, and that she killed him in defense of her honor. Mrs. Wrangell confesses that, before she became certain of the girl's moral innocence, she had tried to marry her to Leslie as a punishment for her father's sin. Booth writes a long, carefully worded letter to the girl, saying that he is coming to her at once. Meantime Smith, the detective, informs Mrs. Wrangell that the police suspect a showgirl named Booth, who has murdered Wrangell, determined to tell her. Mrs. Wrangell tells the whole story to her son, Mr. Carroll, and the two, assisted by Booth, take steps to protect the unjustly suspected woman.

"She's going all to pieces, Booth. Bound to collapse. That's the way with these strong-minded, secret, pet, pet natures. She has brooded all these months and she's been living a lie. All the break has come. She's told you and me, now you know what I'm afraid will happen."

### FROM LONDON.

"I think I know what's in your mind," said the younger man seriously. "You are afraid she'll tell others." The lawyer tapped his forehead significantly. "It may be so, but I think 'Never' cried the other emphatically. 'It will never be that way with her, Mr. Carroll. Her head is as clear as a bell.'"

"Brain fever," interrupted Carroll, with a gloomy shake of his head. "Delirium and all that sort of thing. Haven't you noticed how ill she looks? Feverish, nervous, irritable? Well, there you are."

"It is a sad state of affairs," groaned Booth. "Not especially pleasant for you, my friend."

"God knows it isn't!" "Believe, if I were in your place, I'd rather have the truth told to me than cast to live forever with that peril hanging over me. It would be better for Miss Castleton, too."

more than a loving interest in Miss Castleton. What I was about to suggest is this: Couldn't you cable her on Friday saying that Sara is very ill? This is Tuesday. We'll be having word from Smith to-morrow, I should think."

"I will cable, of course, but Sara must not know that I've done it."

"Can you come to my office to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes. To-morrow night I shall go over to Philadelphia, to be gone till Friday. I hope it will not be necessary for me to stay longer. You never can tell about these operations."

"I trust everything will go well, Brandon."

Several things of note transpired before noon on Friday.

The Wrangells arrived from Europe, without the recalcitrant Colonel. Mr. Redmond Wrangell, who met them at the dock, heaved a sigh of relief.

"Is our son on the Lusitania, next sailing," said a man, who for some reason best known to himself wore a troubled look.

Mr. Wrangell's face fell. "I hope not," he said, much to the indignation of his wife. "The probability of his son. 'These predatory connections of the British nobility—'"

"Predatory?" gasped Mrs. Wrangell. "—are a blood-sucking lot," went on the old gentleman firmly. "If he comes to New York, I'll stake my head he won't be long in the Lusitania, few thousand dollars from each of us. And he'll not seek to humiliate us by attempting to pay it back. Oh, I know them."

Leslie swallowed rather hard. "What's the news here, dad?" he asked hastily. "Anybody dead?"

"Sara is quite ill, I hear. Slow fever of the brain," Mr. Carroll tells me."

"Is she going to marry Brandy Booth?" asked his son.

Mr. Wrangell's face stiffened. "I fear I was a little hasty in my conclusions. Brandon came to the office a few days ago and informed me in rather plain words that there is absolutely nothing in the report."

"The deuce you say! 'Gad, I wrote her a rather intimate letter—' Leslie went on no farther than this. He was somewhat stunned and bewildered by his private reflections.

Mr. Wrangell was lost in study for some minutes, paying no attention to the remarks of the other occupants of the motor that whirled them across town.

"By the way, my dear," he said to his wife, a trifle irrelevantly, "don't you think it would be right for you and Vivian to drop in this afternoon and see Sara? I don't let her know that she isn't without—"

"It's out of the question, Redmond," said his wife, a shocked expression in her face, as much as to say that he must be quite out of his head to suggest such a thing. "We shall be dreadfully busy for several days, unpacking and—well, doing all sorts of necessary things."

"She is pretty sick, I hear," murmured he.

"Isn't she got a nurse?" demanded his wife.

"I merely offered the suggestion in order—"

"Well, we'll see her next week. Any other business?"

"Mrs. Booth, Brandon's mother, was operated on for something or other day before yesterday."

"Oh dear! The poor thing! Where?"

"Philadelphia, of course."

"I don't see, Leslie, isn't there a good train to Philadelphia at 4 o'clock? I could go—"

"Really, my dear," said her husband sharply.

"You forget how busy we are, mother."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Wrangell, in considerable confusion. "Was it a serious operation, Redmond?"

"They cut a bone out of her nose. That was all. As for her heart, it is weak. They were afraid of the ether. She's all right, Carroll says."

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Wrangell. One might have suspected a note of disappointment in her voice.

"I shall go up to see Sara this afternoon," said Vivian calmly. "What's the number of her new apartment?"

"You have been up to see her, of course," said Mrs. Wrangell acidly.

He flinched. "I didn't hear of her illness," he said.

"I'll go up with you, Viv," said Leslie.

"No, you won't," said his sister flatly. "I'm going to apologize to her for something I said to Brandon Booth. You needn't tag along, Les."

At half-past five in the afternoon, the Wrangell limousine stopped in front of the tall apartment building near the park, a footman jerked open the door, and Mrs. Wrangell stepped out.

The same moment a telegraph messenger boy paused on the sidewalk to compute the artistic but puzzling numerals on the imposing grilles of the building.

Miss Wrangell had herself announced by the obsequious doorman, and stood by in patience to wait for the absurd rule of the house to be carried out: "No one could get in without being announced from below," said the doorman.

"I got in all right, all right," said the messenger boy, "I got a telegram for de lady."

"Go to the rear!" exclaimed the doorman, with some energy.

Watson, the messenger, waited in Sara's reception hall on the tenth floor, the messenger, having traversed a more devious route, arrived with his message.

Watson took the envelope and told him to wait. Five minutes passed. Miss Wrangell grew very uncomfortable under the persistent though complimentary gaze of the street urchin. He stared at her, wide-eyed and admiring, his tribute to the glorious. She stared back occasionally, narrowed and reproving, her tribute to the grotesque.

"Will you please step into the drawing-room, Miss Wrangell," said Watson, returning. He led her across the small foyer and threw open a door. She passed into the room beyond.

Then he turned to the boy who stood beside the hall seat, making change for a quarter, and he approached. "Here, he said, handing him the receipt book and a dime, 'that's for you.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)